



NGUYEN THI THUY, the 9 month old girl baby of Mrs. Tran Thi Cuc, 23, who was poisoned by U.S. toxic chemicals in her second month of pregnancy. Baby suffers from various malformations: spindle-shaped head, wide opened eyes, legs crossed in a scissor-like position when supine, almost without sense.

by julian sher

Film documents Vietnam atrocities

David Martin, a representative from Medical Aid for Indochina, last night presented a film documenting U.S. bombing of civilian targets in North Vietnam to a large McGill audience.

Martin, brought here by Liberation School, explained that Medical Aid for Indochina channels supplies, available only in Canada or the U.S., to North Vietnam and to the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

The film, made by four Americans who visited North Vietnam last May, detailed the damage done since Nixon ordered the mining of Haiphong harbour and an escalation in the air war.

In the village of Nam Dinh, for example, American pilots dropped anti-personnel as well as more conventional bombs on such key military sites as a kindergarten and a recreation centre.

Bombs wiped out the small village of Phuc Loc. "No one sought shelter," explained one villager who lost 10 family members, "because we couldn't believe that Americans would ever bomb our village."

Last summer, the Pentagon categorically denied that these and other villages were being bombed,

just as the U.S. government now maintains that the dikes in North Vietnam are not the objects of systematic attacks.

The film also portrayed the spirit of the Vietnamese people. "The U.S. is trying to terrorize us into submission, bombing city by city, neighbourhood by neighbourhood," said one woman. "But the U.S. government doesn't understand the will of the people to fight."

"The only way to end this war," she added, "is through a negotiated settlement that guarantees our freedom and freedom from foreign intervention."

Eight American prisoners-of-war interviewed in the film had harsh words for President Nixon and his use of the POW's as an excuse to continue the bombing.

"The bombing puts us in very real, imminent danger," one pilot explained. "Bombing has been demonstrated to be ineffective and it's not going to deter the Vietnamese spirit."

"The bombing only makes it more likely that we're going to stay here much longer," he concluded.

"Despite what the pilots are told and what the American public seems willing to accept," said

another POW, "we know that civilian targets are indeed being hit. There can be no reason or excuse for this."

"We want our country to go to that (the Paris) conference and seriously negotiate peace, so that we can go home," he concluded.

(Last night, Nixon announced that there were still "a few ambiguities" to be worked out before a peace settlement is agreed upon. He broadened his aversion to "imposing" a Communist government on his "allies" to include the "imposition" of a coalition. Nixon has also increased the bombing to new heights.)

In the discussion that followed the film, David Martin pointed out that while "the whole world got up in arms over what happened in Munich", no one says anything about the equivalent of two tons of TNT the U.S. drops every 2 seconds on Vietnam.

He urged audience members to participate this Sunday in CBC's open line show, Cross-Country Checkup. The show, to begin this Sunday at 5 pm, will deal with Canada-U.S. relations. Martin suggested phoning in to criticize Canadian complicity in the war.



VOL. 62, NO. 33 FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1972 THREE CENTS

by chris thompson

McGill workers organize

Employees of the McGill Printing Service and the McGill University Computer Operators today made public the formation of the National Union of McGill University Employees (CNTU).

The organization of the Union has taken place over the past three weeks. As a result of long-standing grievances, the employees of the Printing Service decided that it was time to take concrete action to improve their situation.

The print shop workers' main dissatisfaction concerned the general incompetence of the management, the lack of job-security, and poor wages. These workers consulted the library workers at Sir George, who after a long fight succeeded in forming a Union last year. As a result of this consultation the decision was taken to contact the CNTU, because of their recognition of the autonomy of the individual unit. The CNTU organizer then helped them with the legal aspects of unionization and also told them that the computer operators had as well contacted them concerning the formation of the Union.

The computer operators had originally contacted the CNTU because they too were dissatisfied with their conditions. Their main grievances are that their opportunities for advancement are extremely limited, that the classification system is outdated, that there has been a misappropriation of funds in the computing centre, that their job security is almost non-existent, and that their wages are not adequate.

Once the two groups realized that the other was also attempting to form a union they decided to combine their efforts. Most of their work consisted of talking to their co-workers about job conditions and the possibility of forming a union.

After having obtained signed union cards from very large percentage of both the print shop workers and the computer operators, an organizational meeting was held in which a motion was passed requesting accreditation from the

Minister of Labour. This request was delivered to the Minister of Labour yesterday.

Once the members of any union have submitted a request for accreditation the Minister of Labour immediately informs the employer that a request has been received. Following this the employer has ten days in which to contest the accreditation. As well the Minister of Labour must ensure that more than fifty per cent of the workers in the classification of those who applied have signed Union cards. Once all contestations and investigations are concluded the decision will be taken by the Minister of Labour whether or not to accredit the Union.

The members of the Union feel that service will not suffer as a result of unionization but rather will improve as workers take more control of their affairs. The workers feel that they have taken an important step in the formation of the Union and feel that, with the solidarity that they have, they will achieve their goals.

HUMBERTO PAGAN

Interview with Humberto Pagan on Radio McGill at 5 pm today. Pagan is a student activist charged with murder in the students' revolt in Puerto Rico, and is a member of the Puerto Rican Independence Movement. He is now in Canada and is facing an extradition charge brought up by the U.S. government.

DAILY MEETING

Yes, we have no bananas, but we do have a meeting of all Daily staffers today at 4 pm. Issues of vital importance will be discussed (in sharp contrast to all our other meetings) so make an effort to attend.

today

Community/McGill:

A boy, 13, who lives near the Berri Metro is the eldest of four children.

His mother is not at home and his father is very ill. This guy carries a lot of responsibility and needs a friend with whom he can relax and have some fun. More info. Union 414 or 392-8980 from 11 to 4 pm.

Chinese Students' Society:

Members please pick up publications and directory at the ISA office, Union B-40 from 10:30 to 2:30.

Film Society:

Orson Welles Suspense Double Bill—7 pm *Lady from Shanghai*, with Rita Hayworth—9:30 pm *Touch of Evil* with Marlene Dietrich both starring and directed by Orson Welles. Leacock 132, 50c each.

Centre for Developing-Area Studies:

Workshop Nov. 3—presenting a 'Movie in the Making' by Prof. B. McCloskey, School of Architecture, in the 2nd Floor Lounge, 3437 Peel at 12:15 pm. All welcome, refreshments provided.

Players' Club:

Auditions for T. S. Eliot's *Waste-land* I, 1-3. All those who have already auditioned please come also. Performance of *The Criminals* by Jose Trianaat: 8:30 pm today and tomorrow and Monday at 12:30. Admission 50c.

Community Family Center:

Day care, pre-school registration for children in Room 202B of the McDonald (Old) Chemistry Building from 9 to 5 pm to pick up forms or call 392-4309.

Faculty of Music:

Students Orchestra, directed by Eugene Plawutsky. Program: Integrates, Varese; Organ Concerto No. 4, Handel; Biachianas Brasileiras, Villalobos. Baroque variations, Foss. Redpath Hall at 8:30 pm, also Sunday at 3 pm. Admission free.

ISA:

All interested students are invited to listen to "Caribbean in Focus" in ISA (Union B 40) from 5-7 pm.

Women's Intercollegiate Basketball:

Exhibition game: McGill vs. Montreal Marvells at 6:30 pm in the

Gym. Come out and help the team start the season right!

Redmen Varsity Basketball:

McGill Redmen vs. McGill Redmen Alumni Basketball. Come out and see the greats of yesteryear take on the stars of tomorrow at 8 pm in the Currie Gym (on Pine.)

SATURDAY

Radio McGill:

"Streetnoise" on CFQR, 92.5 FM, from 12 midnight to 3 am, featuring Bertolt Brecht, Gay Lib, Chris Rawlings, The Rainbow, and Frasa's Eeny, Meeny, Chilly Beany.

McGill Film Society:

The Go-Between with Julie Christie and Alan Bates, directed by Joseph Losey. Britain, 1971. Leacock 132 at 7 and 9:30 pm. Admission 75c.

Drop in the Bucket:

Invites all volunteers to a party at 8 pm in Union B 26-27.

McGill Curling Club:

Mixed league play begins at TMR Curling Club, 5 Montgomery Ave from 1 to 5 pm. All welcome.

SCM Yellow Door Coffee House:

Music this weekend: Brien Levine 8-12 pm. Sunday: Folk Mass, 11:30 am. Hoot 8-12 pm. Lunch every day (weekends also) 12-2 pm. 3625 Aylmer. Phone 392-4947.

General Seminar:

Sponsored jointly by the Biology and Psychology Departments. Dr. Irving Kupferman of the Public Health Research Institute of the City of New York will speak on "Neurophysiological Studies of Behavioral Modification in the Mollusca, Aplysia" 4 pm in Stewart S 3/6.

Chinese Students' Society:

Anyone interested in playing table-tennis should contact Christopher Yui at 861-5027 or come to the first practice in the Currie Gym at 11 am. Volleyball practice at 1 pm in Gym. All players must be present—tournament coming up soon. Basketball practice at 10 am in the Gym. All interested people should come and try out.

WE ARE STILL WAITING

FOR UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETIES TO COME TO THE FINANCE COMMITTEE FOR THEIR BUDGET REQUIREMENTS.

WE SHALL WAIT UNTIL TODAY AT 4 P.M. WHEN WE SHALL BE OBLIGED TO HAVE EVERYTHING READY FOR THIS WEDNESDAY'S COUNCIL MEETING. PLEASE CO-OPERATE. WE HAVE BEEN IN OUR OFFICE ALL WEEK. CALL: 392-8982

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for E-2 Students

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd—Arts Building, Room 255.

12 noon	AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING.
12:30 p.m.	IN PUBLIC SERVICE
	government support and public services.
1 p.m.	MATHEMATICAL PEEP SHOW
1:20 p.m.	CHILD OF THE FUTURE
	Education.
2:20 p.m.	IN ONE DAY
	Meteorology.
2:45 p.m.	OLOGIES AND ISMS
	Marine sciences.

Repeat program from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.

As a prelude to the Career Conference on Saturday, November 4th, all E-2 students are welcome to view any of these films on careers of interest to them.

Information: 392-4805

* Important Notice: The E-2 students who registered for the career conference but have not received their schedule and admission ticket please pick this up at the Information desk, Leacock Bldg. Sat. Nov. 4, 1 PM.

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SPECIAL #2

Circus Special Burger: A juicy pure beef patty on a toasted sesame bun with Kraft cheese, crisp bacon, sliced onion, tomato, lettuce and mayonnaise.

- French fries
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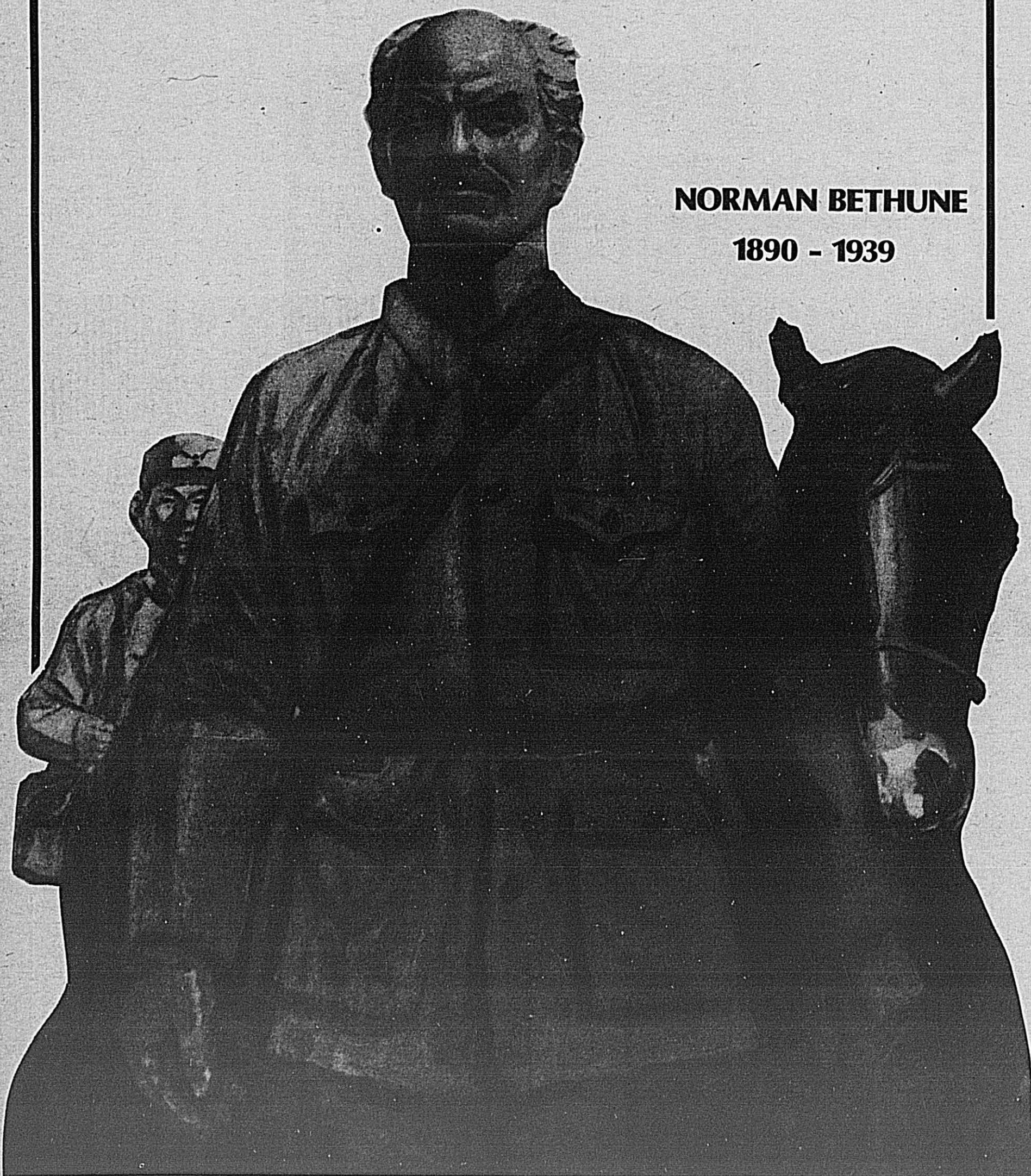
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The Review

NORMAN BETHUNE

1890 - 1939



One Man's Long March

by Nigel Gibson

Bethune was a unique Canadian, a unique human being, yet shaped by both his country and the contemporary world. He was truly a neo-Renaissance figure, driven by the necessity to experience and enrich all of life. To him, encrusted conventions were silly; love, a great hunger and an affirmation of life; medicine and surgery his art, his work, and his commitment; the growing brutality of our world a personal wound. At the end, his confrontation with death as surgeon-soldier was a natural response to the cry of the starving, the downtrodden, the brave on all the battlefields of freedom.

He was a man who achieved painful consciousness of his weaknesses. But rather than succumbing, he achieved greatness in vanquishing them.

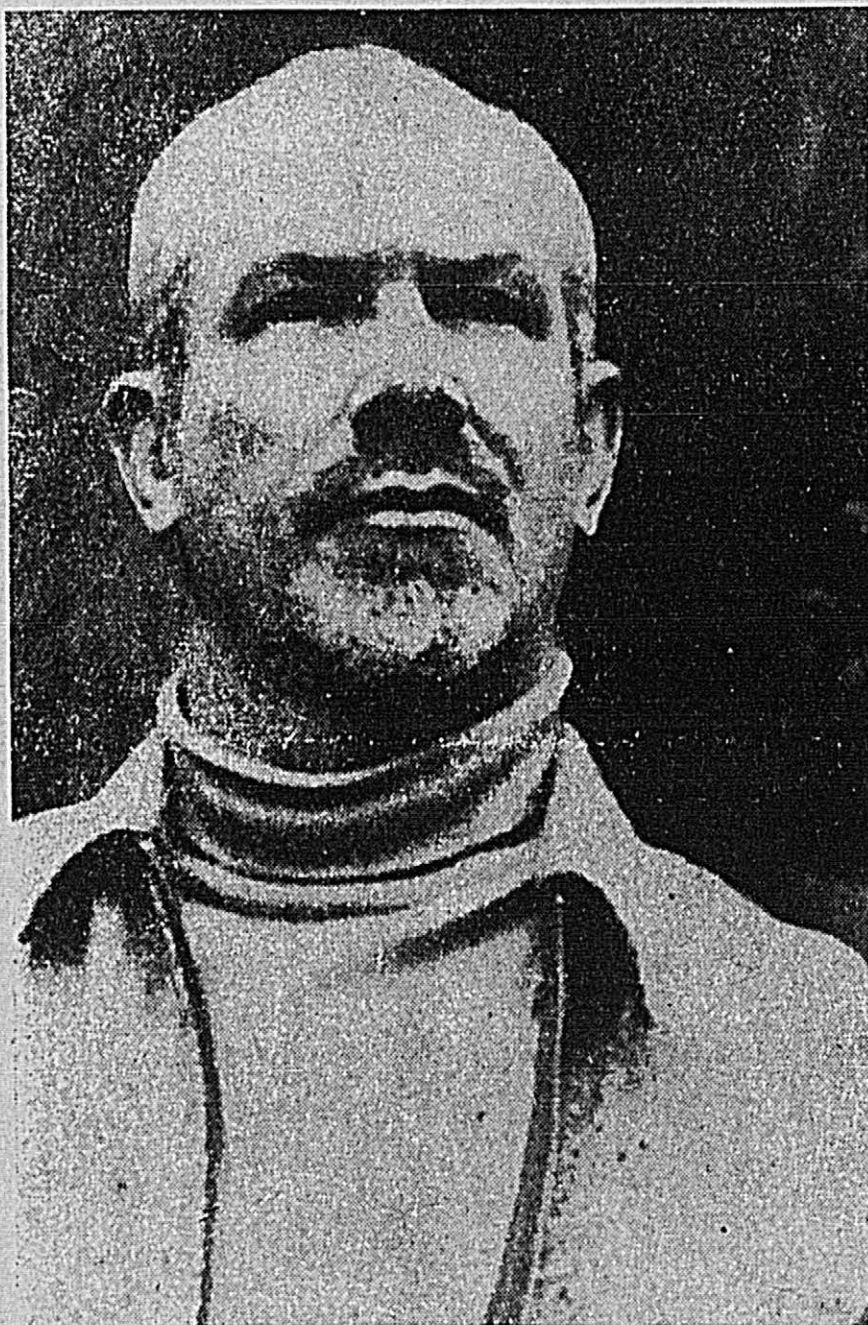
Deliberately he abandoned the role of sybarite, roisterer and roué, to become the front-line doctor, the guerrilla in straw sandals, the revolutionary, for whom life was no more than a few handfuls of rice for sustenance, and surgery performed in the midst of bloody battles. He knew comradeship with strangers who called him brother, and his indestructible strength lay in his vast dream of remaking the world. At the end, his personal life had become completely merged with the fate of the world's peoples. Today, wherever their cause has succeeded, he is honored. Wherever they must still fight on, he is a banner, and a call to arms.

Ted Allan & Sydney Gordon
"The Scalpel, the Sword"

Henry Norman Bethune was born on a blustery day in March 1890, in the small northern Ontario town of Gravenhurst. His father was a Presbyterian minister, his mother had once been a Presbyterian missionary.

He grew up in the Ontario countryside, and came to love its forests, lakes and summer skies and they would be forever part of him.

Even as a boy, Bethune would demonstrate a great curiosity, love for adventure, and almost callous disregard for his own



safety, which together with his nervous energy would characterize his later life.

By the age of eight he had already made up his mind to be a surgeon and he would spend hours in the attic, dissecting everything he could get his hands on, much to the horror of his poor mother.

When the time came for Norman to go to college, the Bethunes moved to Toronto, so that he could attend the University of Toronto. Though hard pressed by his studies, and forced to work his way through college, Bethune still found time to draw, paint, and sculpt. He was just one year away from his MD when the First World War broke out. Like so many young men of the time, Bethune dropped everything and enlisted.

He was posted to France as a stretcher bearer with the 1st Canadian Division Field Ambulance. The first thrills at the new experience soon gave way to horror and disgust in the face of the slaughter and devastation of trench warfare. Badly wounded at Ypres he was invalided home where he completed his degree and then re-enlisted. The end of the war found him in France.

Demobilized in England Bethune combined an internship at the Hospital for Sick

Children with a flourishing free-lance art dealership that allowed him an extravagant and uninhibited life style. His flat became a gathering ground for writers, artists, and many boisterous all night drinking sessions.

In 1922 after becoming a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons Bethune married Frances Campbell Penney, the only daughter of a prominent Edinburgh family. Together they flitted across Europe, burning up Frances' inheritance, finally ending up in Detroit where Bethune set up his first office in the center of what turned out to be the city's red light district.

Bethune soon learned a lesson his professors never even mentioned: those who most needed his services were those who could least afford to pay for them. Even as he worked his way up into select medical circles Bethune found himself drawn more and more towards the plight of the poor all around him.

Bethune became increasingly bitter and outspoken in his criticisms of his colleagues. "Some of them," he fumed, "have as much right to be practising as the medieval barber. I'd weed out half of them to begin with and put them to work behind a counter. And I'd see that the remainder

understood they were doctors, not men of commerce."

The strain caught up with him and Bethune developed a serious case of tuberculosis of the left lung. Convinced that he had not long to live Bethune divorced Frances, sending her back to Edinburgh with instructions to enjoy the full life ahead of her, and begin again without him.

Resigned to his fate Bethune was admitted to the Trudeau Sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York. It was there that he read about a new technique that was being used by a few doctors to treat pulmonary tuberculosis. The technique, known as artificial pneumothorax consisted of inserting air into the chest so as to collapse the afflicted lung. Bethune demanded that the technique be tried on him. At first the doctors hesitated, but eventually he had his way. The treatment was a complete success; within two months he was fully recovered and pronounced fit to leave the hospital.

In January 1929 Bethune began his new career as a thoracic surgeon at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Frances soon joined him and they were married again.

Their reconciliation, however, was short-lived and this time it was Frances who asked for the divorce.

Heartbroken, Bethune took consolation in his work. His innovative surgical techniques and his development of a whole line of improved surgical instruments soon earned him worldwide recognition as a first rate thoracic surgeon. Bethune, however, was not overcome by the accolades. A strange contradiction had begun to bother him.

"There's something wrong," he would say. "The more advanced our curative surgery, the more cases of TB we get. Precisely at the moment when scientific knowledge on how to attack the disease has reached its highest point, the incidence of the disease has equally reached its highest point."

The answer, Bethune soon came to realize, lay in the roots of the poverty and malnutrition that spawned the disease. In

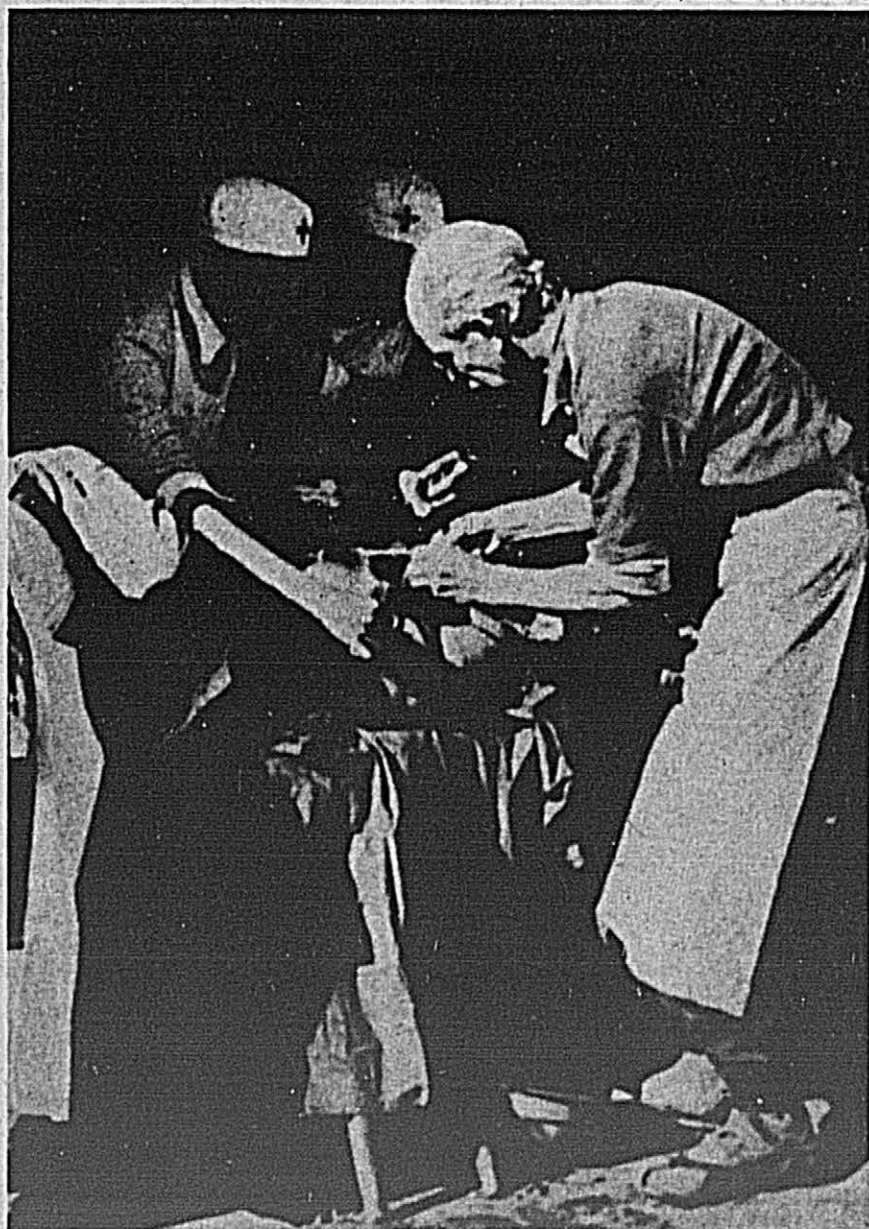
an economic system that blamed its woes on overproduction while half the world shivered in hunger and misery. "The right to a healthy life," he would say, "should not have to be purchased, like a can of beans at the corner store."

What was needed was "a new medical concept, a new concept of health protection, a new concept of the functions of the doctor." Further studies convinced him, however, that that this would not be possible under the limitations of the existing political and economic system.

A visit to the Soviet Union that included

an extended tour of Soviet hospitals and sanatoriums showed him what could be done outside the system.

In 18 years, almost half of which were spent in rebuilding the country's ruined economy, the Soviet Union had cut the incidence of tuberculosis by more than fifty percent. The rest homes, convalescent homes and sanatoriums were the most lavish he had seen, with industrial workers receiving priority in institutional treatment—the exact reverse of the situation back home. In the dispensaries and sanatoriums all treatment was free, not as a matter of



CHINA



SPAIN

charity but as a constitutional right of the individual.

On his return to Montreal in September 1935 Bethune declared that "Russia presents today the most exciting spectacle of the evolutionary emergent and heroic spirit of man which has appeared on this earth since the Reformation."

A few days later he joined the Communist Party. His formal membership in the party was kept secret in order to protect him professionally. But in a country wracked by division, crisis and unprecedented human suffering, he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was no longer merely a reformer, but a revolutionary, consciously fighting to change the world.

Around this time Bethune founded the Children's Art School of Montreal, which afforded children for the first time an opportunity to develop their artistic potential. The school, housed in Bethune's own home, was a great success. Every Saturday Bethune would take the children on a tour of art galleries across the city. Seldom did he appear happier. Time however was running out. The dark clouds of fascism were spreading over the European horizon. Hitler, Mussolini and Franco were on the move. Local fascist groups were springing up across North America.

Bethune was deeply troubled. "The insanity is spreading too quickly," he would tell his friends. "They've begun in Germany, in Japan, now in Spain and they're coming out into the open everywhere. If we don't stop them in Spain while we still can, they'll turn the world into a slaughterhouse."

Bethune at the age of 46 was at the height of his profession. Medical men from all over the world came to Montreal to study his work. In a few more years he could look forward to a comfortable retirement.

However when the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy asked him to head the medical team it was sending to Madrid, Bethune gave up everything and left for the battlefields of Spain. It was December, 1936.

While in Spain Bethune struggled to set up front line medical teams to aid the heroic, but hopelessly disorganized and ill-equipped Republican army.

Bethune made medical history by successfully establishing mobile blood transfusion units, equipped to provide transfusions at the front while fighting was in progress. The technique would be instrumental in saving the lives of thousands of soldiers who otherwise would have bled to death on the battlefield, or between the front and the base hospital.

In 1937 he returned to North America to plead the case of Spanish democracy across the width and breadth of the continent.

In January 1938 he was on his way again. This time bound for northern China to join the guerrillas fighting the Japanese. After a hazardous journey through the Japanese lines Bethune arrived in Yen-an, headquarters of the 8th Route Army and base area of the Chinese Communist Party led by Mao Tse-tung.

The rest is history. The challenge was tremendous and Bethune as always rose to meet it. It was to be his last battle, and his greatest victory.

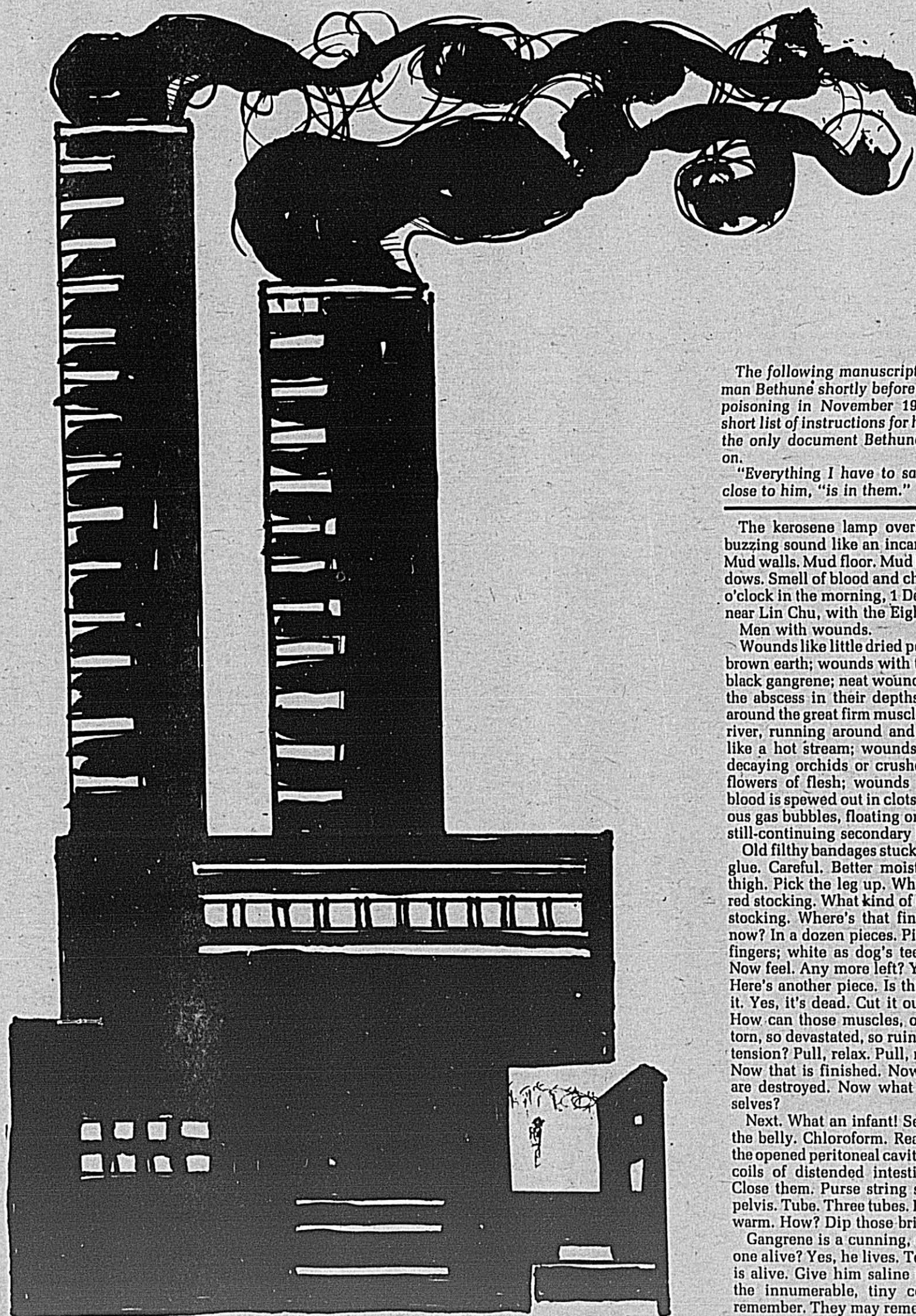
As if conscious of his fate, Bethune made every minute count. Sometimes operating continuously for days, pausing now and then to snatch a few hours of fitful sleep, and then hauling his worn and emaciated body back to the operating table. His dedication was such, his reputation was such, the love for him was such, that Chinese soldiers would attack Japanese outposts with the cry, "Attack! Bethune is here to take care of the wounded."

Everywhere he went Bethune trained people to carry on his work.

The impact of his one short year in China can best be gauged by the fact that today, more than thirty years after his death his presence remains as vibrant as ever, undiminished across the width and breadth of China. For millions of Chinese Bethune remains one of the greatest heroes of all

continued on page 7

These men ma



The following manuscript was written by Norman Bethune shortly before his death from blood poisoning in November 1939. Together with a short list of instructions for his replacement it was the only document Bethune asked to be passed on.

"Everything I have to say," he assured those close to him, "is in them."

The kerosene lamp overhead makes a steady buzzing sound like an incandescent hive of bees. Mud walls. Mud floor. Mud bed. White paper windows. Smell of blood and chloroform. Cold. Three o'clock in the morning, 1 December, North China, near Lin Chu, with the Eighth Route Army.

Men with wounds.

Wounds like little dried pools, caked with black-brown earth; wounds with torn edges frilled with black gangrene; neat wounds, concealing beneath the abscess in their depths, burrowing into and around the great firm muscles like a dammed-back river, running around and between the muscles like a hot stream; wounds, expanding outward, decaying orchids or crushed carnations, terrible flowers of flesh; wounds from which the dark blood is spewed out in clots, mixed with the ominous gas bubbles, floating on the fresh flood of the still-continuing secondary haemorrhage.

Old filthy bandages stuck to the skin with blood-glue. Careful. Better moisten first. Through the thigh. Pick the leg up. Why it's like a big, loose, red stocking. What kind of stocking? A Christmas stocking. Where's that fine, strong rod of bone now? In a dozen pieces. Pick them out with your fingers; white as dog's teeth, sharp and jagged. Now feel. Any more left? Yes, here. All? Yes. No. Here's another piece. Is this muscle dead? Pinch it. Yes, it's dead. Cut it out. How can that heal? How can those muscles, once so strong, now so torn, so devastated, so ruined, resume their proud tension? Pull, relax. Pull, relax. What fun it was! Now that is finished. Now that's done. Now we are destroyed. Now what will we do with ourselves?

Next. What an infant! Seventeen. Shot through the belly. Chloroform. Ready? Gas rushes out of the opened peritoneal cavity. Odour of faeces. Pink coils of distended intestine. Four perforations. Close them. Purse string suture. Sponge out the pelvis. Tube. Three tubes. Hard to close. Keep him warm. How? Dip those bricks into hot water.

Gangrene is a cunning, creeping fellow. Is this one alive? Yes, he lives. Technically speaking, he is alive. Give him saline intravenously. Perhaps the innumerable, tiny cells of his body will remember. They may remember the hot, salty sea,

ke the wounds

Norman Bethune

their ancestral home, their first food. With the memory of a million years, they may remember other tides, other oceans and life being born of the sea and sun. It may make them raise their tired little heads, drink deep and struggle back into life again. It may do that.

And this one. Will he run along the road beside his mule at another harvest, with cries of pleasure and happiness? No, that one will never run again. How can you run with one leg? What will he do? Why, he'll sit and watch other boys run. What will he think? He'll think what you and I would think. What's the good of pity? Don't pity him! Pity would diminish his sacrifice. He did this for the defence of China. Help him in your arms. Why, he's as light as a child! Yes, your child, my child.

How beautiful the body is; how perfect its parts; with what precision it moves; how obedient; proud and strong. How terrible when torn. The little flame of life sinks lower and lower, and, with a flicker, goes out. It goes out like a candle goes out. Quietly and gently. It makes its protest at extinction, then submits. It has its say, then is silent.

Any more? Four Japanese prisoners. Bring them in. In this community of pain, there are no enemies. Cut away that blood-stained uniform. Stop that haemorrhage. Lay them beside the others. Why, they're alike as brothers! Are these soldiers professional man-killers? No, these are amateurs-in-arms. Workman's hands. These are workers-in-uniform.

No more. Six o'clock in the morning. God, it's cold in this room. Open the door. Over the distant, dark-blue mountains, a pale, faint line of light appears in the East. In an hour the sun will be up. To bed and sleep.

But sleep will not come. What is the cause of this cruelty, this stupidity? A million workmen come from Japan to kill or mutilate a million Chinese workmen. Why should the Japanese worker attack his brother worker, who is forced merely to defend himself. Will the Japanese worker benefit by the death of the Chinese? No, how can he gain? Then, in God's name, who will gain? Who is responsible for sending these Japanese workmen on this murderous mission? Who will profit from it? How was it possible to persuade the Japanese workman to attack the Chinese workman—his brother in poverty; his companion in misery?

Is it possible that a few rich men, a small class of men, have persuaded a million poor men to attack, and attempt to destroy, another million men as poor as they? So that the rich may be richer still? Terrible thought! How did they persuade these poor men to come to China? By telling them the truth? No, they would have come if they had known the truth. Did they dare to tell these workmen that the rich only wanted cheaper raw materials, more markets and more profit? No, they told them that this brutal war was 'the Destiny of the Race', it was for the 'Glory of the Emperor', it was for the 'Honour of the State', it was for their 'King and Country'.

False. False as Hell!

The agents of a criminal war of aggression, such as this, must be looked for like the agents of other crimes, such as murder, among those who are likely to benefit from those crimes. Will the eighty

million workers of Japan, the poor farmers, the unemployed industrial workers—will they gain? In the entire history of Wars of Aggression, from the Conquest of Mexico by Spain, the capture of India by England, the rape of Ethiopia by Italy, have the workers of those 'victorious' countries ever been known to benefit? No, these never benefit by such wars.

Does the Japanese workman benefit by the natural resources of even his own country, by the gold, the silver, the iron, the coal, the oil? Long ago he ceased to possess that natural wealth. It belongs to the rich, the ruling class. The millions who work those mines live in poverty. So how is he likely to benefit by the armed robbery of the gold, silver, iron, coal and oil of China? Will not the rich owners of the one retain for their own profit the wealth of the other? Have they not always done so?

It would seem inescapable that the militarists and the capitalists of Japan are the only class likely to gain by this mass murder, this authorized madness. That sanctified butcher; that ruling class, the true State stands accused.

Are wars of aggression, wars for the conquest of colonies, then just Big Business? Yes, it would seem so, however much the perpetrators of such national crimes seek to hide their true purpose under the banners of high-sounding abstractions and ideals. They make war to capture markets by murder; raw materials by rape. They find it cheaper to steal than to exchange; easier to butcher than to buy. This is the secret of all wars. Profit. Business. Profit. Blood money.

Behind all stands that terrible, implacable God of Business and Blood, whose name is Profit. Money, like an insatiable Moloch, demands its interest, its return, and will stop at nothing, not even the murder of millions, to satisfy its greed. Behind the army stand the militarists. Behind the militarists stand finance capital and the capitalist. Brothers in blood; companions in crime.

What do these enemies of the human race look like? Do they wear on their foreheads a sign so that they may be told, shunned and condemned as criminals. No. On the contrary, they are the respectable ones. They are honoured. They call themselves, and are called, gentlemen. What a travesty of the name! Gentlemen! They are the pillars of the State, of the church, of society. They support private and public charity out of the excess of their wealth. They endow institutions. In their private lives they are kind and considerate. They obey the law, their law, the law of property. But there is one sign by which these gentle gunmen can be told. Threaten a reduction in the profit of their money and the beast in them awakes with a snarl. They become as ruthless as savages, brutal as madmen, remorseless as executioners. Such men as these must perish if the human race is to continue. There can be no permanent peace in the world while they live. Such an organization of human society as permits them to exist must be abolished.

These men make the wounds.



In Memory of Norman Bethune

December 21 1939

Comrade Norman Bethune, a member of the Communist Party of Canada, was around fifty when he was sent by the Communist Parties of Canada and the United States to China; he made light of travelling thousands of miles to help us in our War of Resistance Against Japan. He arrived in Yen'an in the spring of last year, went to work in the Wutai Mountains, and to our great sorrow died a martyr at his post. What kind of spirit is this that makes a foreigner selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people's liberation as his own? It is the spirit of internationalism, the spirit of communism, from which every Chinese Communist must learn. Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the proletariat of the capitalist countries. Comrade Bethune put this Leninist line into practice. We Chinese Communists must also follow this line in our practice. We must unite with the proletariat of all the capitalist countries, with the proletariat of Japan, Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and all other capitalist countries, before it is possible to overthrow imperialism, to liberate our nation and people, and to liberate the other nations and peoples of the world. This is our internationalism, the internationalism with which we oppose both narrow nationalism and narrow patriotism.

Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self,



MAO AT YENAN DURING THE ANTI-JAPANESE CAMPAIGN

was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him. There are not a few people who are irresponsible in their work, preferring the light to the heavy, shoving the heavy loads on to others and choosing the easy

ones for themselves. At every turn they think of themselves before others. When they make some small contribution, they swell with pride and brag about it for fear that others will not know. They feel no warmth towards comrades and the people but are cold, indifferent and apathetic. In fact such people are not Communists, or

at least cannot be counted as true Communists. No one who returned from the front failed to express admiration for Bethune whenever his name was mentioned, and none remained unmoved by his spirit. In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked. Every Communist must learn this true communist spirit from Comrade Bethune.

Comrade Bethune was a doctor, the art of healing was his profession and he was constantly perfecting his skill, which stood very high in the Eighth Route Army's medical service. His example is an excellent lesson for those people who wish to change their work the moment they see something different and for those who despise technical work as of no consequence or as promising no future.

Comrade Bethune and I met only once. Afterwards he wrote me many letters. But I was busy, and I wrote him only one letter and do not even know if he ever received it. I am deeply grieved over his death. Now we are all commemorating him, which shows how profoundly his spirit inspires everyone. We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him. With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people. A man's ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people. ■

Mao Tse-tung

BETHUNE!

Bethune A film by Donald Brittain & John Kemeny, Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, 1964 58 min. B&W. (Available to groups free of charge through the NFB)

"China! Homage to a hero. Six hundred million Chinese know his name—but he is largely unknown in Canada, his country of origin." So begins the narration of this hour long film on the life and times of Norman Bethune. Not only is this an incredible document in sound and pictures of a great Canadian, but many believe it to be the best film ever made at the NFB.

How do you resurrect the memory of a man who, because of his politics, was considered an embarrassment by the

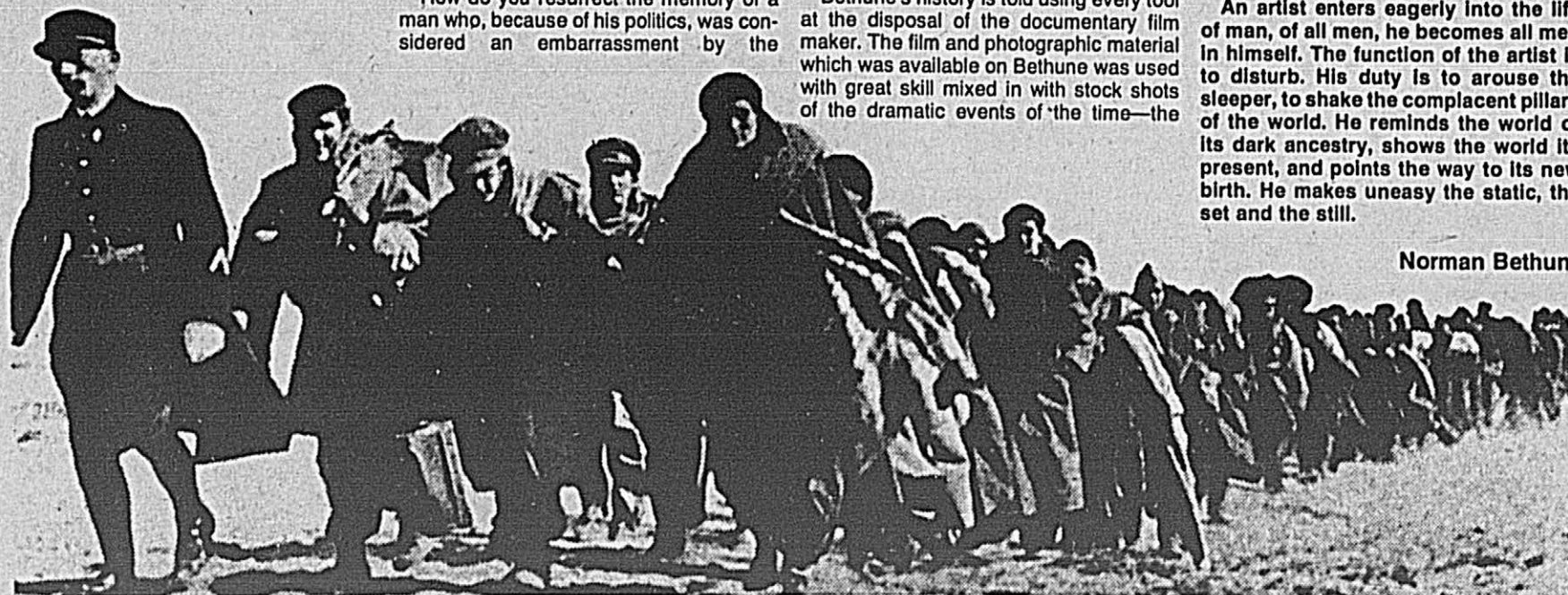
authorities and a nuisance by his more complacent medical colleagues? How do you "do" someone's life on film, someone who has been dead for twenty-five years and whose image exists on a few short bits of medical film and a couple of faded snapshots. As is true with much of art, the more remote the subject—the more faithful and subtle the reproduction. The portrait of Bethune—the political figure, the medical researcher and extra-ordinary human being comes through the years loud and clear, a testament to both the film makers and the remarkable man whose story they are telling.

Bethune's history is told using every tool at the disposal of the documentary film maker. The film and photographic material which was available on Bethune was used with great skill mixed in with stock shots of the dramatic events of the time—the

twenties, the depression, the Spanish Civil War, and the war in China with the result that you don't even realize that you haven't been watching the living man in the thick of things. The material is interspersed with quotes from Bethune's journal and comments from his very articulate friends who talk about the young firebrand of Lorne Crescent whose apartment had become the center of everything that was radical and active at the time. All of this is bound together with a commentary by Donald Brittain; half poetry, half invective—easily the most stirring narration I have ever heard on a film. ■

An artist enters eagerly into the life of man, of all men, he becomes all men in himself. The function of the artist is to disturb. His duty is to arouse the sleeper, to shake the complacent pillars of the world. He reminds the world of its dark ancestry, shows the world its present, and points the way to its new birth. He makes uneasy the static, the set and the still.

Norman Bethune



March...

continued from page 3

time; a shining example on which to model their lives.

On November 13, 1939, Norman Bethune died of blood poisoning. At Yenan the 8th Route Army gathered in a massive tribute. There were tears in the eyes of the tough Red Army soldiers as they stood silently row upon row. Then as one a mighty cry arose. "Down with the invaders!" they shouted. "Remember Dr. Bethune!" "Everything for the struggle! Remember Dr. Bethune!" "Long live free China! Remember Dr. Bethune!"

Norman Bethune rests forever in the Mausoleum of Martyrs, in the city of Shih Cha Chuang, southeast of Peking. There

in the midst of an immense and beautiful park, not far from the Bethune International Peace hospital and Bethune Medical School, in a quiet disturbed only by the soft rustle of the wind in the trees Norman Bethune lies in peace at last.

From every corner of China and from all over the world, people come to lay flowers at his grave; to once more hear the stories of those incredible battles in which he shared; to remind themselves of this man's personal Odyssey, of the Long March he himself had chosen to take from the irresponsible world of bohemia to the battlefields of Spain and China.

The myriad visitors to Bethune's grave include peasants and men of renown, famous names and anonymous workers. They stand with equal reverence before it, and they leave it feeling an equal gratitude. For, in the memory of Bethune's life, the great are reminded of the people from whom they draw their strength, and the people are reminded of the road that everyone can travel to greatness.

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For many years now, the memory of Norman Bethune had, to say the least, gone unadorned in the little southern Ontario town of Gravenhurst.

The modest wooden house in which Bethune was born is currently occupied by a Rev. Houston, whose family had grown jittery to find on odd mornings clumps of people in Mao jackets prowling about the bushes and showing up at the front door bearing huge bouquets of flowers. Delegations of ping-pong players would appear requesting to be shown the room where Bethune was born (it is now adorned with a large Fred Flintstone poster belonging to the Houston boy). Rev. Houston was reported eager to sell the house.

Norman Bethune's recognition by the Canadian people may have taken 33 years, but let it never be said that Ottawa drags its heels when Trade and Commerce sees the light. The rehabilitation of Norman

Well...

Bethune took place on Sunday, September 10 in Gravenhurst, and had all the air of a shotgun wedding.

Mr. Sloane, the church organist, was the MC of the little ceremony (he also runs Sloane's Restaurant); the mayor spoke, the local MP spoke, the local MPP spoke, the man from the Historic Sites Commission spoke. When Ted Allan, co-author of the Bethune Biography *The Scalpel, the Sword* spoke, he embarrassed everyone by pointing out what everyone who spoke before gently omitted—that Dr. Bethune had been a Communist. He said he mentioned this so that "children should not be frightened of these things."

Afterwards, local MP Gordon Aiken hastened to assure a CBC interviewer that he was sure Bethune hadn't really been a Communist, that he joined the party "as his way of expressing opposition to the way things were at the time." Knowing the good burghers of Gravenhurst, we might expect a Norman Bethune Bar and Grill and a Bethune Marineland and Game Farm to spring up soon.

Claude Balloune
from *The Last Post*

The Review

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Play-by-play

with allan wolfe

I don't know whether it was either in spite of, or because of my columns, or neither, but the football Redmen finished the season with respectable 48.2 record. After losing the first two games to Loyola and Bishop's, I had given them nothing better than two wins against Sir George. Well, they surprised me, and a lot of other people I would imagine, by beating Loyola in their second meeting, and shutting them out at the same time. They finished the season by beating the mud-dampened Bishop's Gaitsers, 18-3, in a game that meant nothing to either team. But it is nice to finish the season on a winning note.

Congratulations to Chris Rumball for the recognition accorded him by his teammates. Fully deserved.

Speaking of basketball, which I wasn't, ...the Dawson College Blues will be opening their season with an exhibition game tonight, at Loyola College, against the Harlem Globetrotters, only cheaper. Just \$1.50 will get you in the door. The whole show gets off at 8 pm.

The Alouettes still have a chance of getting into the playoffs. They can back into the post season games, ass-backwards, if Toronto loses to Hamilton on Sunday. And that can happen if Ottawa wins on Saturday.

Didn't you understand that last statement? If Ottawa wins, they will be tied for first place in the EFC with Hamilton. And first place

gets a bye into the finals of the EFC playoffs. Since that game is on Saturday, it follows that the Tiger Cats will be busting their butts to beat the Argonauts on Sunday. And if that happens, Montreal will be in Ottawa the next weekend to play the Rough Riders in the EFC semi-final... Kaphish?

While still with the Als, expect an official announcement out of Sam Berger's office soon about a new appointment to Berger Sports Enterprises. He is Jim Koerner, late of the St. Louis Stars, of the North American Soccer League. Jim helped to build the Rochester Lancers and Stars operations to where they are now operating in the black. Although he is expected to do the same with the Montreal Olympics, he will be billed as the New Executive Vice-President of Berger Sports Enterprises. Which means that the Als, and anything else Mr. Berger enters will benefit from his imagination.

The B'nai B'rith will be holding their annual Bowl-A-Thon this Sunday, from 10 am to 6 pm at Laurentian Lanes. Over 100 press, radio & TV, and sports personalities will be competing. Everybody is welcome. I will be bowling, along with Jim Fong and Mario DiPaolo, also from Radio McGill. But we need sponsors, with all the money going to the B'nai B'rith Philanthropies. Call me, at Radio, from 2-5 this afternoon. For other information, call 731-7396.

what's what

CARIBBEAN IN FOCUS

This week "Caribbean in Focus" features Trinidad and Tobago and Puerto Rico. The new program on Radio McGill is designed to give McGill students an insight into the culture and current events of the Caribbean area. All are invited to listen to the program, Fridays 5-7 pm, in the ISA office (B-40).

MCGILL DAY CARE FACILITIES

After several years of effort, a day care centre is finally being organized at McGill. The centre will be known as the McGill Community Family Centre, and registration for children between 2 and 5 years of age has already begun. Registration will be open to the children of McGill students, staff, and faculty members. The centre is self-funded, and strictly non-profit. Fees are scaled according to income.

The centre will be situated on Peel Street in a building provided for by the administration, which also has donated funds to allow for renovations and some capital equipment.

The major problem now seems to be the lack of equipment. If you can donate toys, materials, paper, or any articles of furniture, please contact Harvey Engelberg at 484-7253. For registration or any further details please call Wally Weng at 392-4309 or see her in 202B in the Macdonald Chemistry Building.

PLAYER'S CLUB

Player's Club is presenting Jose Triana's THE CRIMINALS on Nov. 2, 3, 4, at 8:30 pm and Nov. 6 at 12:30 pm. It is a play written in the style called Theatre of

Revolt. It is absurd, fantastic, cruel, and deals with the fantasies of two sisters and their brother plotting to murder their parents. Come and reminisce.

ERRATUM

There will be a Woman's Swimming and Diving Meet on November 7, not last Tuesday as reported in Monday's Daily. Apologies to Miss Dubrule.

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ATTENTION! Conservative, Eastern Townships, weekend group (cross-country downhill skiing, snowshoeing. Good food, congenial company, interesting conversation) requires members. 467-5501 evenings.

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ENTERTAINMENT

McGill Film Society Presents an Orson Welles Suspense double bill, Friday Nov. 3, 7:00 LADY FROM SHANGHAI, 9:30 TOUCH OF EVIL plus chapters 2 & 3 of PERILS OF PAULINE. 50c each. Saturday, 7:00 & 9:30, THE GO-BETWEEN, Britain 1970, directed by Richardson. 75c All in Leacock Rm. 132.

P&OT Undergraduate Society open meeting, Monday Nov. 6, Martin Theatre 8:00. Guests speaker Dr. L. Lubin on Nature of Pain, Everyone welcome.

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(The Winter's Tale)

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